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Criticism and Concern

The Race Toward Total Ugliness . Pluto Without Prosperine: A Poem . Christian Realities and Paul Tillich . Critic of An Age . James Jones' "Thin Red Line"

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Cuban Build-up

IT IS CURIOUS that Czarist Russia, as a member of the "Holy Alliance," had something to do with provoking the original formulation of the Monroe Doctrine. It was not only general apprehension in Washington that the newly-independent nations of this hemisphere were too weak to withstand incursions from without. There was also specific fear of the alliance of monarchial Austria, Prussia and Russia, expressly determined "to put an end to the system of representative government . . . in Europe." Might not these powers also have Latin America in view? Defense of the hemisphere a century ago was quite a different problem.

The one new element in the Cuban situation in recent months is not the summer build-up of armed forces, men and matériel but rather the subsequent Soviet announcement that proclaimed it. This element helps to place the increase of Soviet technicians and modern defense weapons in the nearby Caribbean in its due context—as a move in the global cold war. It is undeniably embarrassing and provocative to have thousands more of such Soviet service troops and weapons within a hundred miles of our shores. It constitutes a blow to United States prestige, an affront to our national pride. It understandably leads to demands for action so that it is well that the Kennedy Administration sees this Soviet démarche in its broader context.

Conditions within the island itself do much to explain the stepped-up Russian assistance. Economic stress due to the United States trade embargo has increased the restiveness of the populace as well as intensified the need for economic aid. The new contingents of Soviet men and equipment are undoubtedly intended to enable Castro's forces to quash rebellion from within and repel incursion of Cuban exiles from without.

But what is the thrust of the Soviet Union's September 1 announcement that it was "delivering armaments and technical specialists for training Cuban servicemen"? It must be viewed in conjunction with the heightening of the Berlin crisis; it has connections with Moscow's contentions about America's forward defense bases in Europe and the Middle East.

WHAT is most difficult to fathom is how the Soviets see their announcement in relation to their aims in Latin America as a whole. In an area where nonintervention is a long-cherished principle, the Russian move can only alienate still further those Latin American governments which have become irked by Cuba's increasingly satellite status. Because of their own neglected and restive populations, few of these nations favor a blockade or military action, but many have broken diplomatic relations with Castro or refuse to join the all-important Latin American Common Market (still only in the discussion stage) if Castro's Cuba is to be a constituent part. Moreover, the foreign ministers of the Latin American nations are responding favorably to Secretary Rusk's invitation to a parley on the crisis.

In view of the stakes in Latin America, it is unthinkable that the United States should take matters into its own hands and mount an invasion, as some Cuban exiles and American fire-eaters advocate. It is even doubtful whether this country should take the lead in the Organization of American States in demanding more drastic measures against Castro. As the charge of "Yankee imperialism" can still rouse both the governments and peoples of Latin America, our representatives should continue to be extremely wary of throwing their weight around.

Does all this mean that the United States should now abandon the Monroe Doctrine and refuse any responsibility for the defense of this hemisphere? Quite the contrary. In a negative sense we should avoid precipitate action or any steps that would weaken Latin American sentiment against foreign intervention and favoring joint defense.

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On the positive side the primary task is to recognize and meet the true dimensions of the Communist threat in Latin America. It is not that Castro will spread his revolution to other countries by armed force. It is rather that similar revolutions may come about because of the failure to meet the aspirations of the Latin American peoples for decent living standards and reasonable hopes for the future. The Alliance for Progress and related government and private movements therefore supply the principal key to the defense of Latin America. The latest arming of a nation the size of Castro's Cuba comprises only an exasperating side issue, and one that must not be permitted to lead this country to take steps that would actually impair the accomplishment of the main task.

The Lesson of New Orleans

WHEN ARCHBISHOP Joseph F. Rummel announced last spring that segregation of parochial schools in New Orleans would end with the opening of school this fall, he laid to rest some lingering doubts about the effective meaning of the Church's condemnation of segregation. He certainly knew, as did his coadjutor, Archbishop John P. Cody, that trouble could be expected.

Now, with more than a week of desegregation behind them, the Catholics of New Orleans have good reason to take pride in their response to the Archbishop's decision. To be sure, there were many instances of white parents' boycotting the integrated parochial schools. And there were as well some nasty scenes of white and Negro parents' being jeered and harassed. Yet, by and large, the opening week went off very well indeed. The only real trouble came in some of the outlying areas of the Archdiocese. In Buras, deep in the heart of Leander Perez' domain, Our Lady of Good Harbor School lost all of its white pupils through parental boycott. As for the five Negro children who entered the school on the opening day, they did not return on the next.

Yet the real significance of the success of the parochial school integration in the city itself does not necessarily lie in the acceptance of the Archbishop's decision. In itself, of course, the acceptance was a triumph of the power of moral persuasion. Yet it may be doubted that it would have been as possible if the public schools had not, at the same time, widened the scope of their own desegregation. For as it turned out, the fact of widespread and simultaneous desegregation made the move easier for both parochial and public schools.

In an important sense, the New Orleans experience would seem to show that the answer to massive resistance is massive desegregation. As the situation in Buras would suggest, it is the isolated school which has the most difficulty: all the forces of opposition can be heavily concentrated in one place and on one group of parents. In New Orleans this kind of concentration was simply not possible. Of equal importance, the New Orleans success shows how powerful the impact of parochial school desegregation can be on the community as a whole.

Britain and the Commonwealth

THE CURRENT British Commonwealth meeting will go into our history books as a major pivot of future European and even world development. If Britain becomes a member of the European Common Market, the present worldwide Commonwealth system—with its mutually helpful trade arrangements—will be no more. Whatever of the Commonwealth preferential tariff relations can be maintained will be maintained, of course, but there is no doubt that some Commonwealth nations will suffer serious trade damages in the loss of a protected British market. There is no doubt either that the political ties between Commonwealth nations and Britain will be much weakened by Britain's joining the Continental bloc.

There are other anxieties, too, about the entry of Britain into the European Economic Community. It is likely that this grouping will be dominated by a swiftly growing French-German economic combine. And the inevitable political union which will flow from such economic union will also be dominated, it seems clear, by the French-German combination.

It is no small thing, then, for the Commonwealth nations to face the dislocations which will result from the loss of their special relationship with Britain, or for Britain to face the dangers of the Common Market to herself. In effect, Britain will be accepting economic dependency on the Continental nations, to an important degree on Germany and France. Even more significantly, Britain will consequently be surrendering some part of her political sovereignty to the Continental powers, actually to the mercies of Chancellor Adenauer and "Emperor Charles I of Europe."

What makes the decision of the British easier, if not more immediately comfortable, is the simple fact that a united Europe now seems inevitable. Like it or not, Britain must come to terms with that fact. But the U.S. must be sympathetic with the fears this prospect has aroused.

Perhaps the Macmillan government will be toppled by Commonwealth and British popular re-

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luctance to take the risks of Common Market membership. Yet if that should happen, it will only mean that Britain will be "taken into Europe" later rather than sooner, and by a Prime Minister other than Mr. Macmillan. The only question for the British, then, is not if but when and how they will meet the fact of a Common Market.

Press Coverage at the Council

ECUMENICAL Councils, by tradition and Canon Law, have normally been conducted in secrecy. There are good reasons for this policy: it enables the participants to talk more freely among themselves, it keeps the public from drawing erroneous conclusions, and it insures that the atmosphere of a Council will be as free as possible of outside interference. Yet it can also be said that this policy has the indirect effect of keeping the mass of Catholics totally in the dark about matters which have for them the greatest significance. In the past, it may well have been that the deliberations of a Council were of little interest to the majority of Catholics. But this is surely not the case today. Never before has there been so much intelligent interest and concern among Catholics and non-Catholics alike.

With this evident fact in mind, we think the resignation of Monsignor John E. Kelly as director of the Bureau of Information of the N.C.W.C. is an unhappy portent. According to most accounts of his resignation, Monsignor Kelly was dissatisfied with the press arrangements being made by the Vatican for news about the Council.

Part of the problem, it would appear, stems from sheer inefficiency. But part also seems to come from a fear that the press cannot be trusted with very much news. If this is actually the case, we can only hope that it is not too late for the Vatican to reconsider its position. Both Catholics and non-Catholics ought to be told as much as possible about the proceedings.

The Race Toward Total Ugliness

MORE AND MORE one hears such epithets as "swamps of ugliness," "blight," "cheapness," and "desecration" leveled at the growth of aesthetic ugliness in our land. Garish suburban developments, perpetual smog, gas stations, slum clearance, drive-ins, shopping centers have all contributed to the rape of the open space and green charm of the countryside and to lack of contrast and variation in city design. The result has usually been the victory of a morass of unqualified ugliness over what is loosely and vaguely accepted as beauty.

Seen in this light, then, the First Conference on Aesthetic Responsibility, under the aegis of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects was something that was bound to happen. Naturally, nothing can come of it. Recommendations were carelessly drawn (Dean Burnham Kelly of Cornell's College of Architecture boldly called for revitalization of the teaching of aesthetics in the schools; when asked how he would implement the suggestion, he said that he had had nothing specific in mind), questioning from the floor was desultory and superficial, the panelists were limited to ten-minute trivia. Still, they were on the scent inasmuch as they knew what was ugly in American life, even if the essence of beauty often seemed to escape most of them.

They gathered at the Hotel Plaza to probe several questions—the first being one of discovery and revelation, namely, what are our aesthetic values? William Wilson Atkin of Whitney Publications said that we do not have any aesthetic values and so long as society believed in war and spent fifty-eight per cent of its income supporting that activity, we would never have any to speak of. The applause was token: no objection, no stunned silence. The prosperous architects and their allies greeted the remark with the same aplomb as they did the builder of that gargantuan monstrosity, Manhattan's Pan-American Building.

Agreed, said David Amram, the composer, one of the few panelists to talk sense. We have no aesthetic values. The problems, he said, were real. Our air is polluted, our countryside ravaged by speculators buying and selling homes as trade-ins, our music "quick-buck," mediocre, designed to be "heard, sold, forgotten about." And what of the effect of this kind of aesthetic ugliness upon our children? Both the violence of our times, said Amram, and the musical education of our schools have brainwashed them into hating music.

WHY did so much ugliness inundate us so quickly? This, too, was handled with little depth. No one spoke of the effects of the second World War, of the vast numbers of the people on the move every day of every year, of the pressures of the mass producers upon people with limited means and taste, of the abysmal lack of new low- and middle-income housing, of the essential optimism—albeit myopic—of Americans in the eternal bounty of this land's resources, and of what industrialization has undone in our life. Our standards, said Jo Mielziner, the stage designer, who at least tried to broach the mat-

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ter, were only "the useful and the pleasing," shaped by economic pressures. New York City, for example, grew to helter skelter. Can anyone find anything deliberately created by Man for future generations on Manhattan Island or any of its sister boroughs—save, perhaps, Staten Island, which too will soon be plundered when the bridge connecting it with the mainland is completed in 1964?

Still nothing very concrete. The impression was that architects stand in awe of builders, builders of bankers, bankers of government agencies. Even church architecture which, after all, is supposed to say something profound about the nature of man, was found to be "irrelevant" and cheap.

The final panel discussion, "Who is Responsible for Ugliness?" offered a bit more insight. A psychiatrist, Dr. John L. Schimel, said that it might be best to avoid the devil theory of responsibility; who can really be indicted for the inordinate materialism and egalitiarianism that pervades this country? The acid test has been to meet the expanding demand for houses; therefore we arrive at the mass housing developments, one more horrendous than the other. Is there, moreover, any shred of evidence that our egalitarian society can produce a man who wants to be surrounded by beauty? Practically the only places that one finds some aesthetic values are precisely in those areas which have avoided sameness and conformity, as in landscape architecture, painting and where the architects have catered to the rich. In all other areas "gadgetery has become confused with beauty."

The best speaker, the most provocative, was Joseph P. Coogan, a novelist (*To the Rear March*), who turned his attention toward the dilemma of modern art which has had to utilize much of the ugly in order to call attention to our human troubles in this "our singularly ugly civilization"—in all the recorded history of mankind the age representing the apex of ugliness. "The atom bomb is ugly. War is ugly beyond measure. Genocide is ugly. Much of business and science is ugly. Our popular arts are ugly, permeated by the ugliness of senseless violence or of sex that is clinical, sad and dreadful or voyeuristic, immature and prurient—either emetic or childishly erotic." Who, then, are the culprits, the guilty, the wicked among us? "The men who manipulate our opinions," concluded Coogan, "pollute our air, direct our behavior. Sensible men, rational men, men who wish no one any harm; men who hope what harm they *must* do will be statistically insignificant. Men of good will. You and I. All of us."

HOWEVER, alternatives were advanced. One revolved about the predicament of the American experience itself. To what extent do we allow the hot dog stand owner or filling station operator to determine what they think beautiful in erecting their places? Do we risk everything in the hope that in the long run beauty will win out? In other words, is aesthetic democracy, like political democracy with its educated citizenry, conceivable?

A government official suggested that architects incite and organize into pressure groups. (A questioner from the floor wanted to know whether members of the profession had enough courage to become agitators.) A sculptor advised compromise between the demands of the marketplace and the architect. Some wanted long-range planning without responsibility, others responsibility without planning. The most practical solution put forth was by Jerome Belson, whose union raised and sponsored a *beautiful* high-rise cooperative landscaped park development in a deteriorating section of Brooklyn. Architects, he told the group, ought to take individual responsibility for their creations and therefore place their nameplate on every building they design.

What went unsaid, too, was how to eliminate some of the ugliness, consideration of the necessities of landscaping, intelligent planning, center malls and more surface transportation. Isolated gems of beauty help only a little—as in Syracuse, where a group of interested people have added a park here and there, landscaped a building, placed some pots of shrubbery in the downtown business section, cleaned up several lots, or as in Philadelphia's Rittenhouse Square or Boston's Beacon Hill where some attempt has been made to save a few of the old houses. Yet at the same time one hundred and three trees were recently uprooted in New York's Tompkins Square Park, parks across the nation were invaded by swimming pools, woodlands were assaulted by highways and the geometrical multiplication of strip cities, slums and characterless suburbs. The people want a national park three thousand miles away, reported August Heckscher, but they do not seem to care if there is no park to which they can walk in their lunch hour. They want the wilderness to be forever wild, but they seem unheeding if the roadsides are forever cluttered with billboards.

One suspects that nothing can be done to arrest this profanation of American life because we seem to have misplaced the capacity to identify the bizarre and to scream it down with derision and absolute scorn. Coogan mentioned Pinel, the French physician who, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, pictured something called "moral insanity," whereby the mind continues to function but value judgments, "feelings and temperament have become perverted and depraved. Despite the victim's intellectual awareness of aesthetic values, his moral sense has either disappeared or has become hopelessly warped." If this situation has become worse, as some of the panelists seemed to think, have we passed a point of no return? MURRAY POLNER

(Murray Polner, a previous contributor, is a member of the faculty at Queens College.)

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Can the Marian Movement and the Liturgical Movement Be Integrated?

Conflicts and the Council

GREGORY BAUM

IT IS impossible to foresee the changes which the coming Council will introduce in the Catholic Church. We do not even know the agenda to be discussed. The various preparatory commissions have prepared reports on the subjects of their competence, and these reports have been submitted to the Central Commission. But apart from a few articles in the *L'Osservatore Romano*, suggesting rather vaguely the areas discussed in the preparatory sessions, we know nothing of what the Central Commission accepted as material to be submitted to the Council. And the subjects to be discussed are, in the last instance, subject to the approval of the Pope himself.

Is there any other way of finding out which problems occupy the Catholic hierarchy? Can we foretell, at least in a general way, areas where discussion will arise and the issues on which the bishops will be divided? If we read carefully the pastoral letters of the bishops of various countries, and study the more or less official statements made by cardinals and other highly placed ecclesiastics, we do get some insight into questions, practical and theoretical, which occupy the hierarchy at this time.

Cardinal Frings, Archbishop of Cologne, introduces us into one of these areas. In an address given at Genoa in November of 1961, the Cardinal described and contrasted two charismatic movements which have enriched the life of the Church over the last hundred years. The first one is the Marian movement. In this respect, the Cardinal referred to the increase of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the new definitions regarding her privileges, the veneration at Lourdes and Fatima and the spirituality of special Marian dedication. The Cardinal was pleased to designate, as the other current in the Church, "the liturgical movement." By this name he wished to signify not only the renewed appreciation of the Church's eucharistic worship and the modern emphasis on lay participation; he also meant to include the renewal of Biblical studies, the search for a Biblical spirituality, and the sympathetic study of the Fathers.

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These two movements have spontaneously arisen among the people and received the approval of the Catholic hierarchy. Yet the harmony between these two movements is by no means obvious. Cardinal Frings suggested that they are alien to one another. Conscious of the limits of brief generalizations, he ventured to describe Marian piety as subjective and personal, liturgical piety as objective and social. The one lives by the motto *per Mariam ad Jesum*, and the other by the motto *per Christum ad Patrem*. The Cardinal suggested that the Marian movement was deeply rooted in Italy and the Spanish and Portugese-speaking countries, while the liturgical movement had its source and foundation in France, Holland, and Germany. The speaker expressed his hope that the coming Council might clarify the relation between these two, apparently opposed, movements.

Cardinal Frings did not leave any doubt about his own convictions on how these movements should be harmonized. He suggested that Mary, the Mother of the Lord, is Biblical type and liturgical symbol of Mother Church. Therefore, Mary herself is a sign pointing to more social and objective worship in the community, thus encouraging the expansion of the liturgical movement. He expressed his confidence that, within the next decades, the Marian movement will be integrated into the greater theological perspectives of the liturgical movement.

IT WOULD be wrong to think that the choice or emphasis one wishes to give to either of these two movements was merely a matter of personal piety and had little effect on the life of the Church. I believe that both movements stand for a wider approach to ecclesiastical problems. Taking the risk implicit in brief descriptions of complex phenomena, I wish to summarize in what these approaches consist and mention the theological formula in which the difference of approach is expressed.

The emphasis on the liturgical movement has far-reaching implications, both theological and practical. It means first of all that as Catholics we must forever return to the sources of revelation to understand the present teaching of the Church. It means that there has

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been given to the Church a holy norm by which she must constantly test her life and at which she can perpetually rejuvenate herself. The Word of God and the sacraments, both present to the Church in her liturgical worship, are the divine norm of the faith and holiness which is infallibly hers. Since the liturgy of the Church, regarded in this way, contains the doctrine of salvation as well as the Gospel's redemptive power, the supporters of the liturgical movement will seek, as much as possible, to present Catholic teaching in preaching and theology in scriptural and liturgical terms.

This return to the Scriptures is, of course, far removed from the cry *sola scriptura* of the sixteenth century reformers. The Catholic movement which seeks to place the source of revelation in a more central and normative position in Catholic life never separates the Scriptures from the Church's Tradition; it rather conceives Tradition as being the light, supplied by the Holy Ghost, in which the Scriptures are understood and assimilated throughout the ages of the Church.

The liturgical movement, in the extended sense in which I have here used the word, expresses very definite convictions in regard to the pastoral life of the Church. If the liturgy containing Word and sacrament is power, the power of the Spirit in the community, then it must be the proper and ordinary means of the Church's pastoral activity. This would demand rethinking many practical institutions of our parish life. The theology of the liturgy implies that the security and hope for a vigorous Catholic life is, ultimately, in no other source than in the divine self-revelation present to us in the Bible and the sacraments. Ultimately, neither efficient legislation nor perfect organization can produce and guarantee spiritual life. Our hope is, and must forever be, the Word of God.

It seems to me that the Marian movement stands for a different outlook on a Catholic life and on ecclesiastical problems. Since Scripture and liturgy say comparatively little about the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Marian movement, seeking greater dedication to Mary as the answer to the Church's problems, is less preoccupied with the Word of God and liturgy. The Marian movement is more conscious that Catholic tradition is directed by the Holy Ghost and that, consequently, we have access to divine revelation through the teaching of the hierarchy today. It seems to me that the Marian movement is less aware of the Church's need to return to the sources of revelation for perpetual renewal; it believes more strongly in the charisms present in the Church today, either through the actions of the hierarchy or through the visions of prophets and saints.

Since Marian piety stresses the personal dedication to serve Mary and, through Mary, Jesus, and puts great emphasis on penance, the movement creates a special climate for personal conversion from sin and the renewal of life. It seems less sensitive to the collective renewal of the Church as a whole. The stress on the personal does not lead, it seems to me, to the deep understanding of the corporate nature of worship and conversion that we find in the liturgical movement.

The Marian movement looks to the directives of the Catholic hierarchy rather than to the Scripture and liturgy as the great source of inspiration for a vigorous Catholic life. Since the action of the Holy Ghost is seen especially in the apostolic hierarchy now, the Church's Tradition is regarded as being at least relatively independent from the scriptural books. It follows that the supporters of the Marian movement are not anguished when Catholic teaching moves away from Biblical concepts, nor do they feel the urge to return as much as possible to the expressions and the modes of thought through which God has revealed Himself to His people.

THESE TWO movements, the liturgical and the Marian, do not exclude one another. They do not teach irreconcilable doctrine. On the contrary, both are Catholic, both within the Church, both approved by the hierarchy. Their difference is a matter of emphasis.

The conflict between these two contrasting emphases can be expressed in abstract theological terms, in terms which define the relation between Scripture and Tradition. While all Catholics agree that there is an intimate connection and mutual cohesion between Scripture and Tradition, we find two general tendencies among theologians when it comes to defining this relationship more precisely. There are some theologians who stress the constitutive role of the Scriptures in the Church and look upon Tradition as the witness of the Spirit to the true meaning of Scripture. For these theologians there is only *one* source of revelation, God's self-communication, which is present to us in the Scriptures (and the sacraments) and expressed in the witness of the Church's Tradition. Revelation is wholly present in the Scriptures and wholly in the traditional teaching of the Church; it is present in the Scriptures as voice, and in Tradition as echo, present in the Scriptures as event and present in Tradition as witness. Tradition is the only way of faithfully listening to the Word of God; and, conversely, the definitions of the Church's doc-

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trine are not the Word of God, but that *through which* we hear the Word of God.

Theologians of the other viewpoint prefer to speak of *two* sources of revelation, of Scripture and Tradition. They hold that some doctrines have been revealed, and are handed down to us, in the Bible, and others are contained only in the Church's Tradition. According to them, God's revelation is given to the Church partly in Scripture and partly in Tradition. These writers would think of Tradition as being relatively independent of Scripture and, hence, do not feel the need of constantly seeking the harmony, if not unity, between the Bible and the Church's teaching. Both views, it must be added, harmonize with the Council of Trent.

Judging from the *L'Osservatore Romano,* it appears that the relation of Scripture and Tradition will be discussed at the Second Vatican Council. The foregoing remarks make it clear that this is not a purely theoretical question. This is not an instance of the proverbial quibbling of theologians. The relation of Scripture and Tradition is simply the abstract formula expressing the divergent tendencies of the two great movements in the Church which I have briefly sketched in these paragraphs. This relation is a question fully incarnate in the life of the Church, and on its formulation will depend the orientation of Catholic life for the next generations.

There is another area, perhaps even more important than the preceding, where we notice a difference of opinion, and can forsee the subject of debate at the coming Council. The problem concerns the relationship between the pope and his brothers, the bishops. When we read the pastoral letter of the Dutch hierarchy and the now famous pastoral of Bishop de Smedt of Bruge (both documents have just been published in English by the Paulist Press, New York), we find that they distinguish carefully between the pope and the episcopal college, between Peter and the Twelve. The pastorals emphasize that the apostolic mission entrusted to the Church is built on Peter *and* the Twelve. Bishop de Smedt stresses that Peter was one of the Twelve and that, therefore, the primacy conferred on Peter must be understood within the supreme position entrusted to the Twelve as a body.

In our ordinary books on religion and ecclesiastical government, we rarely refer to the episcopal college. We do not often recall that all the bishops together constitute a closely-knit body which, as a unity, is successor of the Twelve, the so-called apostolic college chosen and consolidated by Christ. Since the first Vatican Council defined the supreme place of the pope as St. Peter's successor in the Church, Catholic writers had to explain and defend this doctrine to the world; and in this connection, the complementary doctrine dealing with the Twelve and their successors was not always remembered. The First Vatican Council announced that "the pope is not to be regarded as the sole authority" in the Church and that "bishops are not mere representatives of the Roman Pontiff." But it did not clarify the ancient doctrine concerning the role of the episcopal college and its infallible voice in a council.

According to the ancient doctrine (which, however, has never been "defined") an ecumenical council of the Church, uniting the universal episcopate with the pope, is an organ of supreme authority in the Church, both as teacher and legislator. The acknowledgment of the supreme power of councils is really more ancient than the universal realization of papal primacy. The totality of bishops, including the bishop of Rome, solemnly gathered in a Council are not simply a collection of individual apostolic successors but rather one single body, the episcopal college, which is successor of the Twelve (including Peter), heir to their ordinary office and bearer of the universal promises made to them.

THIS DOCTRINE introduces a certain duality into the exercise of supreme power in the Church. The supreme power to teach and to rule, given and guaranteed by Christ, is one and undivided, but it is exercised by two subjects which are at least relatively distinct. Christ chose the Twelve as "foundation," and he chose Peter as "rock." Christ gave "the power of the keys" to the Twelve and he gave it to Peter. All that he gave to the Twelve as a group, he also gave to Peter alone. The Twelve could exercise supreme power in the community, and so could Peter; and yet this did not divide the Church, since Peter belonged to the Twelve as the first apostle. The same essential relationship exists between Council and Pope. Both are seats of supreme authority in the Church. The Council can teach and legislate with supreme authority, and the pope can teach and legislate with supreme authority, and again this does not divide the Church, since the pope belongs to the Council as presiding bishop.

The pope is the first of the bishops. According to present canon law, the pope must convoke the Council, preside over it, and approve its decrees after it has met. The decrees take on the force of law in the Church only when they have been approved by him. This does not mean, however, that the authority of the conciliar decrees is derived from the papal approval. If this were so, then the bishops would act only in an advisory capacity in the Council, supplying the pope with useful projects which he then could endorse with his own supreme power. This conception, however, is not Catholic tradition. The bishops gathered in Council, in union with the pope, are truly successors of the apostles, called to exercise apostolic power in the strict sense, acting as judges of Catholic faith and rulers of the Church universal.

According to this doctrine of "the twofold subject," there is one supreme power in the Church which is exercised by two, intimately connected yet distinct sub-

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jects, the pope alone and the Council in union with the pope. From the minutes of the First Vatican Council it is quite evident that the primacy of the pope defined at that time did not, in any way, weaken the ancient doctrine of "the twofold subject."

This doctrine introduces a certain duality or tension into the exercise of the Church's supreme authority. It makes clear that the ecclesiastical society cannot be compared to a monarchy, the rule of one man over many subjects; but rather that its supreme government is exercised by organs knowing persuasion and discussion, disagreement and compromise, and producing a final decision to which many have contributed. This dialogue-structure within the supreme ecclesiastical government is reflected, in an analogous sense, on all levels of ecclesiastical authority. Bishops, according to the ancient usage, are surrounded by a chapter of canons, and even though these canons are not invested with authority and have a purely advisory role, the chapter symbolizes the dialogue-structure within ecclesiastical government, even if the bishop alone possesses authentic jurisdiction.

In a limited way, the dialogue-structure in the exercise of episcopal power is found in the relationship of bishop and laity. The bishop appointed to rule and to teach is the embodiment and the voice of his own people. In him their piety and aspirations find official expression. Through him the voice of the people is heard in the Church universal. To be the voice of the Church, the bishop will listen to his people: this, at least, is the emphasis in a number of pastoral letters published in preparation for the Council.

Cardinal Léger of Montreal has announced in words which have become famous since: "The Church is not an autocratic institution where the chiefs alone assume the right to speak. . . . The Church is an hierarchical community of free men where dialogue is as much a duty as obedience." Bishop de Smedt, in his pastoral *The Priesthood of the Faithful,* writes: "The teaching body (of bishops) not only speak to the people of God, they also listen to this people in whom Christ continues his teaching." And the Dutch bishops write: "Catholic criticism is an expression of true love for the Church."

THE DOCTRINE of the twofold subject of supreme authority, therefore, symbolizes the dialogue-structure in the exercise of authority in the Church. Hence, it lends itself to a certain decentralization of Church government on various levels, episcopal and papal. Ecclesiastical life should always be such that the Church resembles more closely a family than a state. Through such an emphasis the Catholic Church would become a more powerful sacramental sign announcing the supernatural character of her social body in being "the family of God, God's own household" (1 Tim. 3:15).

When modern writers speak of decentralization in the Church, they do not envisage that more power will be given to the individual bishop in his diocese. Instead, they have changes in mind whereby the dialogue-structure, or family character, of the Church will be made more evident in her government. How could this be done? In many ways. For instance, the Central Commission which at this moment prepares the agenda for the Council, made up as it is of cardinals and bishops from all over the world, could be made into a permanent institution. Meeting regularly every year, it could symbolize the unity of the episcopal body with the pope and make, with the pope, the policies of the supreme government.

Judging from the pastoral letters of bishops and official pronouncements of high ecclesiastics, it becomes apparent that not all bishops are agreed on the doctrine of the twofold subject. There are some theologians, especially at Rome, who teach that all power in the Church is derived from the pope. Even the Council, according to this view, derives its authority from the bishop of Rome. Even the Twelve from Peter. According to this doctrine, which would remove the theological basis for decentralization in the Church, the bishop of Rome is "the principle of episcopacy" in the Church.

If this doctrine were true, then the Church would indeed be a monarchical society, and it would be increasingly difficult to defend, theologically, the dialogue-structure in the exercise of ecclesiastical authority. The doctrine of the pope as "the principle of episcopacy" errs, it seems to me, in not taking seriously the scriptural doctrine of the unity of the apostolic college and the patristic evidence for the unity of the episcopal college, which as a body is heir of the Twelve and as a body is a seat of the supreme authority Christ bequeathed to the Church.

Arguments and debates in connection with these two doctrines, of "the twofold subject" and of "the principle of episcopacy," may appear as insignificant theological quibbling to the uninitiated. But if we understand the entire context in which a theology is incarnate in ecclesiastical life, we realize that much will depend, in a most practical fashion, on the way in which the relationship between the pope and his brothers, the bishops, will be set down at the Second Vatican Council.

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The Enigma of Ngo Dinh Diem

HENRY G. FAIRBANKS

NO LEADER ever took office under more inauspicious circumstances than Ngo Dinh Diem of South Vietnam. Few have continued in office during more trying times. But can he last much longer? The heavy rains which will ground American helicopters are only weeks off. Already Viet Cong units, no longer necessary in "neutralized" Laos, are streaming towards the crucial highlands of Central Vietnam. Is another Dienbienphu in sight?

It was in the debacle after Dienbienphu that Bao-Dai and the French asked Diem to take over—almost certainly a "fall guy" for the settlement being formulated at Geneva. Mendes-France got off the hook via the Accord of July (in 1954). The Communists got a big slice of Vietnam north of the Seventeenth Parallel, including the country's entire industrial potential. Diem inherited an unpopular "playboy" emperor, a country divided by warring sects, and close to a million displaced refugees. He was given five months to last, "at the outside," by his most sympathetic supporters.

But, with a show of tenacity which continues to amaze and exasperate his Western allies, he pulled off what Lt. Gen. O'Daniel has called "the Miracle of Vietnam": unification, proclamation of a republic, popular elections, promulgation of a constitution (modeled on that of the U.S. and the Philippines), resettlement of the refugees, inauguration of land reform, and establishment of a public school system. The Caodai-ists, entrenched in their feudal holdings around Tay-Ninh, were reconciled. The fanatical Hoa-Hao were crushed. The Binh Xuyen vice lords were uprooted from Saigon.

This was a brilliant start, watched with wonder by the chanceries of the West. It had been thirteenth-century Vietnamese, alone among Orientals, who, under Tran Hung Dao, had turned back the Mongols when great China itself had succumbed. Were they going to turn the Asian tide against the Communists in the twentieth century, and under an obstinate ex-mandarin from Imperial Hué?

Ngo Dinh Diem became a shibboleth of hope in America, as well as in Vietnam. He was invited on state visits to Washington, Taiwan, Manila, Rangoon, Bangkok and New Delhi. He received the recognition of half-a-hundred members of the United Nations. He got cash on the line (to date, almost a billion and a half dollars in loans from the U.S.) and technical and military missions from France, Germany, the Colombo Group, as well as from America. And, notwithstanding continual harassment by guerrillas left behind by the Viet-Minh and the handicap of an economy impoverished by eight years of "la sale guerre," Diem managed to hold the line against rampant inflation.

YET CRITICISM and concern have continued to mount in reports coming out of Saigon during the last year and a half. Security in the outlying districts has unquestionably worsened, indicating the Government's failure to enlist the wholehearted support of the peasantry. Political prisoners, detained for rehabilitation, have continued to swell government stockades, to the deterioration of promised civil liberties. An annual financial deficit of upwards of $150 million ($84 million in exports against $239 million of imports) lent support to allegations of a mendicant economy. Construction of strategic *agrovilles* and, more recently, large-scale transportation of villagers under "Operation Sunrise," suggested a certain desperation. And so the succession of events since November, 1960: Diem's own official residence besieged and bombed; the hurried visits of an American Vice President and Chief of Staff; the appointment of General Paul D. Harkins to command a greatly enlarged "advisory" mission; the squabbles between Vietnamese administrators and "meddling" professors from MSU; the government raid on American residences.

Officially, Washington is sticking by Diem. It has increased its aid, military and financial. It has backed away from earlier "get tough" resolutions and directed American representatives to soft-pedal advice and stress consent—no pressure to "buy American" to reduce dollar deficit; no violation of the native edict against public dancing, however aggravating in a troop rest area like exotic Saigon. When foreign correspondents litanize Viet Cong successes in ambush or Government fiascos in massive "encirclements," Defense Secretary McNamara issues reassuring statements. If General Rosson, Chief of Special Forces, scorches the "static psychology" of Maginot-minded Vietnamese regulars or "unemployment" among American personnel, General Harkins applies a superior's silencer with denial of "any significant change in the over-all situation." If the American Embassy issues the current best-seller in Saigon (*Ben With the Wind*), designed to brief members of th

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American community on evacuation procedures, it declares in the same breath that Saigon is as safe "almost as any city at home."

Obviously, Diem has stout-hearted friends. One can make out a case for them, too. Washington's waiver of "strings" attached to American aid, or Washington's sensitivity to Vietnamese rights in matters of Vietnamese jurisdiction, is a sensible concession to the fact that, whatever else, Diem is the difference between viability and vacuum. "After Diem, the deluge" seems to be the Potomac line. Remembering the protracted struggle in Malaya against similar guerrillas, Secretary McNamara is taking the long-range view of "a ten-year's campaign, at least." So is his field representative, General Harkins, who must patiently wean the French-trained Vietnamese from their mud breast-works. Perhaps General Rosson is too hypersensitive about his personal stake in Ranger-trained units. Every embassy, moreover, even in countries unplagued by hot or cold wars, routinely prepares evacuation plans for hypothetical emergencies.

And so of the other broader criticisms of the Diem regime. Point for point, they admit of an answer which helps to explain American perseverance in Vietnam—doubts, misunderstandings, and downright disagreement notwithstanding. In a "hot war," civil liberties are a hot-house luxury for people conditioned to centuries of control. Nepotism is less unacceptable where eligible leaders comprise a distinct minority, whether one attributes the scarcity to inherited colonial or Oriental administrative policy. A "consumer economy" which annually accumulates trade deficits looks less like bad management when one reviews the basic dislocations of over fifteen years of unrelieved war, compounded by the industrial impotence deriving from Geneva.

AS FOR Diem himself, caught in the cross-fire of attack and apologia, he looks imperturbably Oriental, as serene as Buddha, as philosophical as Confucius. Except for Red-hot fulminations emanating from Radio Hanoi, no critic denounces him personally. It is his "U.S. manipulators" who are the propaganda villains, the "new imperialists" raking old French chestnuts from the fire. It's the clique of *ancien régime* aristocrats "controlling" him. It's "his family": Msgr. Thuc, the Archbishop of Hué; brother Nhu, the "palace plotter," poring over his "Personalist" blueprints; Mme. Nhu, the glamorous, the "Lucrezia Borgia" of Vietnam. But Diem himself, almost universally, is spared personal vilification—though as a symbol of alleged ineffectuality his palace may be stormed in attempted *coup d'état* or bombed in an assassination try.

The plain fact of the matter is that his record is unassailable in the prime essential of courage. He showed it as a child in quite un-Oriental disrespectful insistence in a private room in his mandarin-father's home. He showed the same independence in resigning his office as Minister of Interior in 1933 when the French refused to acknowledge Vietnamese rights to more than nominal power, only in this instance he demonstrated how Oriental he was. He peremptorily rejected a cabinet post under Ho-Chi-Minh after the Japanese collapse in 1945, calling Uncle Ho a "murderer" to his face because his elder brother Ngo Dinh Khoi had been buried alive by Communists. He returned from exile in 1954 (as safe and peaceful as the monastery he had contemplated entering) to take charge of a disintegrating country. Dienbienphu had just fallen. Vietnam seemed doomed. But Diem came back. And Diem has stayed, at least until now, eight years later.

The second reason for his endurance is that, whatever else, he is also a man with a vision. As all the world loves a fighter, all men respect a dreamer. Diem has a vision of a state embodying the best of East and West, the most viable features of communal solidarity and personal dignity. He regards socialism and capitalism as extremes needing the mediation of a middle force in which the best features of both can merge for the common good: the justice of one, the liberty of the other, minus alike the repression of totalitarianism and the irresponsibility of "rugged individualism."

In this he is more than a barrier between expanding Communism and the uncommitted millions of Southeast Asia. He is a bridge that stretches across a wider divide than the Ben Hai River on the Seventeenth Parallel. The Communists fear this ideology more than they fear his 170,000-man, American-trained army. Diem's vision is not enervated by the skepticism of a Nehru. It is not sapped by the shifty opportunism of a Sukarno. It is, in its very over-simplifications, the sole positive response to come out of non-Communist Asia which can meet the Communist challenge on equal terms—of definiteness and dream.

But if Hanoi and Peiping and Moscow understand the dynamite in a dream (so long their jealously guarded monopoly!), it is doubtful if many American economic advisers grasp its import. Thinking in terms of other imports, strong on statistics but weak in philosophy, knowing more of world markets than of human motivations, they dismiss or deride Diem's "Personal-

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ism." But, face to face with him, even their pragmatic armor admits the impact of his force. Certainly our ambassadors and our soldiers have registered it.

His force is not charm. Diem, respectable in a middle-aged Oriental fashion, is small, paunchy, prone to soliloquize interminably during interviews. When he speaks publicly, his address creaks with old-time rhetoric reminiscent of French village squares on Bastille Day in the last century. He exudes no "mystique" when he walks among crowds—as he does on occasion, fearlessly—or into jungle hamlets in *Zone D* or Montagnard longhouses near Banmethuot. But the massive dedication of the man is unmistakable. In a world floundering to define national goals, this rare man gives the impression that he knows where he is going. And something in his steady movement carries others along, if only partly or uncomprehendingly.

Visionaries, admittedly, border perilously on fanaticism. While Diem has something of martyr potential in his make-up (in his ancestry, in fact), the only signs of a tell-tale drift towards "directed morality" have been the successive banning of taxi-girls from cafés and the prohibition of public dancing in Saigon. It may be the mildest kind of purge, compared to Communist crackdowns; but it represents a disturbing invasion of sensitive *mores* such as marked the final convulsions of other regimes. One recalls the "Puritanism" of Savonarola's "Republic of God," the mass expulsion of Parisian prostitutes during the siege of 1871, and, more recently, the desperate austerities of the Kuomintang's "New Life Movement" in the twilight of its hold on the China mainland. These developments in Saigon bear as much watching as the borders of Laos or the rubber exports of 1962. And how ironic if Diem, built for tragedy by his very greatness, should fall as a result of dance hall disaffection.

PLUTO WITHOUT PROSERPINE

To hell with tulips, lilies, shepherds' horns,
May madrigals and every stalk of corn
that Ceres ever grew!

I love a queen who left my side to look
for blossomings, whose eyes are pure as brooks,
who strolls in pleated blue

against the wind with such a sway of seams
and flourishing that I need only dream
of her to wish away

this throne of ice and batter with the might
of all the hail in hell these Stygian nights
that never end with day.

SAMUEL HAZO

THE SCREEN

Not-So-Innocents Abroad

AMERICAN behavior abroad is often something Americans have cause not to be proud of. But the American behavior displayed in "Two Weeks in Another Town" (MGM) is something they might be downright ashamed of—if, that is, they were to take the film seriously.

The cliché-ridden script by Charles Schnee stems from a mediocre novel by Irwin Shaw and concerns a group of opprobrious Hollywood characters gathered in Rome to make a movie. Producer John Houseman collected a good-enough cast to portray these mixed-up Americans: Kirk Douglas as an ex-star hoping to make a comeback in a small role; Cyd Charisse as his nymphomaniac ex-wife; Edward G. Robinson as a waning director who invites Douglas to Rome and then gives him a raw deal; Claire Trevor as Robinson's viciously possessive wife; George Hamilton as a shallow young actor; and several others as hangers-on who are not much better than their betters.

Director Vincente Minnelli allows most of his cast to overact in such a manner that they become stereotypes instead of people, but he does succeed in getting a little human warmth from a very attractive newcomer, Dahlia Lavi. Minnelli also manages to show off Rome, especially some of the flashy night life displayed in "La Dolce Vita." But Fellini's film had a point. If Minnelli's has one, it is to show how cheap and conniving unprincipled Americans can be at their worst.

THE GIs who fought their way from Anzio and liberated Rome in World War II will be surprised to learn it was not they who were the key figures in this campaign but a couple of inept American spies and a carrier pigeon. Provided they don't mind a little kidding, those GIs and admirers of Italian films like "Paisan" and "Open City" will get some good laughs from "The Pigeon That Took Rome" (Paramount).

Produced, directed and written (from Donald Downes's *The Easter Dinner*) by Melville Shavelson, this war comedy is about the wacky scheme of an American colonel (Brian Donlevy) who sends a captain (Charlton Heston) and a sergeant (Harry Guardino) disguised as priests into Rome in 1944 to find out what the Germans are up to. No two more bumbling boys ever tried to do a man's work. They are befriended by an Italian family whose father (Baccaloni) works with the Italian resistance, whose elder daughter (Elsa Martinelli) is not too fond of Americans, whose younger daughter (Gabriella Pallotta) is now pregnant after an affair with an American pilot and is looking for a husband, and whose little son (Marietto) seems like the brightest one in the family. When Harry and the young-

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er daughter fall in love, the family hurriedly stages an engagement dinner and, unbeknownst to our dim-witted spies, serves most of the American carrier pigeons as squabs. Later, thinking he now has German carrier pigeons, Heston sends through a series of phoney messages; but one pigeon is American, and the phoney message he carries throws the Americans at Anzio into a frenzy of preparedness that leads to the breakthrough.

Although Shavelson let many of his jokes run too long, the comedy as a whole is quite funny. It must never be taken seriously, however, even though the romance between the sergeant and the pregnant girl has its touching and poignant moments. Some audiences may object to the gag that we took Rome through an error. Just tell them this is a joke, son, just a sassy joke.

ALSO mixing fun with grim material in the Americans-abroad theme is "The Notorious Landlady" (Columbia). This giddy comedy, set in London though made in Hollywood, gets most of its humor out of kidding English mystery thrillers, and the good cast gathered by producer Fred Kohlmar and directed by Richard Quine behave as if they were enjoying every minute of it.

In this one Jack Lemmon, who is certainly one of our best comedians around these days, portrays a young American just transferred to the Embassy in London. Little suspecting what he's getting in for, he takes rooms at the attractive house owned by Kim Novak. She is being watched by Lionel Jeffries, probably the most amusing Scotland Yard inspector on record; and when he is able to persuade Jack's reluctant chief (Fred Astaire) into letting Jack serve as an assistant watcher, Jack finds himself up to his neck in suspense, clues, excitement and mistakes. It seems that the beautiful Miss Novak's husband is missing, and the suspicious Jeffries has every reason to suspect that Kim did him in.

"The Notorious Landlady" gets a touch too long for its slight plot (stemming from a story by Margery Sharp) but the movie is so well made that the whole thing never becomes tiresome. Almost as valuable to the fun as the cast and story is George Dunning's musical score which repeats "A Foggy Day in London Town" again and again as an appropriate theme and uses Gilbert and Sullivan as the background music for the long, screwball chase along the Cornwall Coast at the finale.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

AN APPEAL: An African priest needs to replace his completely-worn-out motorcycle as it is so "difficult to go on foot to some far outposts for my holy ministry." Donations should be sent to: Rev. Hermenegild Muba, Catholic Parish Kwiro, P. O. Mahenge, Tanganyika, East Africa. (Airmail 25c)

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A Mythic Elevation of the "Ordinary Man"

The Thin Red Line. By James Jones. Scribners. $5.95.

by Richard Horchler

JAMES JONES is rich and famous, like Elvis Presley. His first book won the 1951 National Book Award and became a movie for which Frank Sinatra was given an Academy Award. His second book was worse—longer, for one thing—and starred Dean Martin and Shirley MacLaine. His third book was much better (only 158 pages) and just moderately successful.

The Thin Red Line is Jones' fourth book and will probably be hugely successful. It is again a war novel, about an Army rifle company in the Guadalcanal campaign of World War II. Like the curate's egg, parts of this book are undeniably better than other parts. To be scrupulously fair, some things in it might even suggest the possession by the author of certain real talents—such as the sustained narrative pace, the convincing technical detail, the variety and rightness of G.I. types. But somebody has to insist that the existence or not of merits as relative and minimal as these, in the stupefying totality of Jones' published work, is a question of not even academic interest. The only really engaging question here, it seems to me, concerns the phenomenon of Jones' best-sellerdom.

How does one explain the riches and honors our society has heaped on Jones? Obviously—since few men are non-rich and unhonored by choice—I do not possess the whole secret. But several conclusions are inescapable.

First of all, Jones should be considered a cultural rather than a literary phenomenon. Accordingly, his triumph may be seen as another instance of the mythic elevation, especially in America, of the "ordinary" man—the actor who cannot act, the singer who cannot sing, the writer who cannot write. Such a hero embodies a classic American dream: without intelligence or wisdom or ability beyond that of his fellow men, the mass hero struggles to The Top by sheer doggedness and force of will.

In such a struggle, obviously, what are normally counted as weaknesses—insensitivity, ignorance, naiveté—turn out to be the hero's indispensable strengths. A Jones, for instance, is unable to perceive that he cannot write, and so he can continue to grind out his thousands and thousands of word-filled pages.

The work of this kind of non-artist commends itself to his mass public also because it is "real." His books are not mere artifacts, made things, but a true outpouring of himself, usually in a torrent of undigested, shapeless fragments of experience. Crudity and amateurishness of expression are, in fact, popularly taken as certification of the "honesty" and "sincerity" of the non-artist. Current admiration for the adolescent non-singer—and not just by our young—is a perfect case in point. (Elvis Presley is already a millionaire.) On another level, I recall an occasion when I was taping a broadcast for a supposedly "egghead," non-commercial radio station and stumbled in my delivery. I stopped to repeat the passage, but the program director said, "Let's leave it in—it sounds *sincere*."

The popular appeal of the writer like Jones is further enhanced, no doubt, by the intellectual poverty of his work. Intellectual provocation is, of course, not the average man's idea of fun, while emotional titillation most decidedly is. And in books like *The Thin Red Line* the orgy of emotional excitation is joined to a brand of philosophizing as subtle and profound as what is heard in the neighborhood bar: "Boy, life is really something, all right."

Then there is sex. Sex hypnotizes Jones as much as it does Everyman in our culture, which appears increasingly to be totally. And there is gutter language, which is not only sexy but iconoclastic, courageous and "real." There is the subject matter of war, which never fails to thrill, horrify and fascinate in any treatment, from the epic poem to the news dispatch.

Finally, due credit for the James Jones success story must be given to Scribners, a publishing house with the courage of its convictions. Having decided that *The Thin Red Line* would be a smash, for the aforementioned reasons and possibly more, the Scribners editors did not trouble themselves with minor details. It is inconceivable that the manuscript received any significant editing, and after the first couple of hundred pages not only were the grammatical and punctuation errors untouched, but even howling barbarisms were uncorrected.

Yet Jones is truly one of our culture-heroes. If he would sing he'd sell a million records.

Christian Realities and Paul Tillich

Paul Tillich and the Christian Message. By George H. Tavard. Scribners. $3.95.

by Daniel J. O'Hanlon

IN THIS clear and orderly work—the first full-length study of Tillich by a Catholic theologian—Father Tavard measures Tillich's theology against the norm of traditional, orthodox Christianity, concentrating on the heart of the matter: Christology. He tells us that until Volume II of the *Systematic Theology* was published in 1957, he had felt that Tillich's Christology could be reconciled with the faith of the Church. But, the present study concludes, with regret, such an understanding of Tillich's doctrine is impossible.

While showing sympathy for Tillich's basic theological method—systematic reflection on Christian experience—Father Tavard criticizes him for relying on one man's experience of the New Being instead of allowing his reflection to be guided by the totality of Christian experience, the experience of all Christians of every era. Tavard thereby recognizes

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what is valid in Tillich's more sophisticated version of Schleiermacher, but provides a Catholic corrective.

Indeed, it is the absence of this corrective in Tillich which Father Tavard finds responsible for the inadequacies of his account of the basic Christian realities. Faith is reduced to a universal human phenomenon, the simple acceptance of the fact that one is accepted; but this is not a distinctively Christian phenomenon. For Tillich, original sin becomes simply a mythological way of expressing the tragic situation of every man, in which no exercise of his faculties is possible without the experience of estrangement from God; but for classical Christianity, for Paul, the Fathers and the Reformers, the doctrine of the Fall is more than a myth. Revelation for Tillich is the manifestation of what concerns us ultimately, and it may come about through literally any medium. But for Catholic faith, and for Protestant faith before Schleiermacher, the content of Christian revelation is inseparable from its form.

Father Tavard examines Tillich's Christology on the four levels of symbol, history, dogma and ethics. All of these "levels of truth" are only inadequate expressions of the one basic pre-conceptual experience which is omnipresent in Tillich's system: man's immediate awareness of something unconditional. The *symbolism* of Christology is nothing more than a prolonged echo of this primary ontological experience, and the Cross of Christ is the most adequate Christological symbol of all because it breaks the claim of every finite being to be absolute and opens man to the Unconditional. Christology on the level of *history* points to an ecstatic experience in which being-itself is shown as free from the distortions of estranged existence.

Yet Tillich's criticism of Christological *dogmas* leaves nothing but the manifestation of being-itself in the picture of Jesus as the Christ. On the *ethical* level, Christology is purified of all particular moral rules; all that remains is the ultimate principle of love, which creates its own forms of action, or gives divine content to forms of behavior borrowed from human culture. Father Tavard acknowledges the remarkable consistency of Tillich's system, which enables him to lead every aspect of Christology back to a single principle. But despite its inner consistency, he considers it destructive of traditional Christian faith because it radically reinterprets that faith away from its original meaning.

This sketchy outline has concentrated on Father Tavard's negative criticism of Tillich's Christology because that is the most distinctive feature of his book. Lest a false impression be given, however, it should be said that the greater part of the book is taken up with positive exposition, written with that attractive combination of empathy and forthrightness which we have come to expect of its author.

Still, to many of those who accept Tillich's principles and method, a demonstration that his system conflicts with the traditional faith of the Christian Church will not mean much. A more immanent critique of Tillich's system, testing its fidelity to total human experience as well as its inner consistency, is also needed. This is not to demean Father Tavard's excellent book, which accomplishes very well what it sets out to do. It is simply to suggest the usefulness of another kind of study: a philosophical critique of what is in many respects (if not essentially) a philosophical system.

A Bold Encounter

An Age of Enormity: Life and Writing in the Forties and Fifties. By Isaac Rosenfeld. Edited and Introduced by Theodore Solotaroff. Foreword by Saul Bellow. World. $5.

by Hilton Kramer

ISAAC ROSENFELD died in 1956 at the age of thirty-eight. His published writings included a novel, *Passage from Home,* and a number of short stories, and he left an unpublished novel. But it was as a writer of criticism that he made a small, emphatic reputation for himself in the decade preceding his death. During the forties and early fifties he was one of the most interesting regular contributors to

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Partisan Review, Commentary, The New Republic, and other weeklies and quarterlies. He wrote with an intellectual clarity that reflected a rigorous training in philosophy, and with a humor that seemed to derive both from his education in Yiddish lore and his ironical detachment from it.

Marxism and theology, psychoanalysis and existentialism, popular culture and the politics of terror, though they all came under his scrutiny at one time or another, seemed not so much the subject of his criticism as guides to his sense of reality. His intellectual restlessness, his irony and self-doubt, kept him, I think, from having a merely fashionable mind; they may also have kept him from ever achieving a body of work commensurate with the astonishing virtuoso intelligence that made everything he wrote a pleasure to read—and often to reread. He was one of those critics who, in lieu of a "system," turn every essay and review into a bold, personal encounter. Literature, as he wrote about it, seemed to consist not of books but of events.

In *An Age of Enormity,* Mr. Solotaroff, who is an editor of *Commentary,* has brought together an anthology of Rosenfeld's periodical pieces. It makes a surprisingly solid book. Even for readers who feel inundated these days with collections of book reviews gotten up to look like serious works of criticism, it will prove, I think, to be an unusual and arresting volume. Rosenfeld had a clear and independent mind, and he very rarely succumbed to the kind of bitterness and condescension that gives to so much reviewing in the serious magazines a suggestion of scores being evened—with life, if not with particular authors. (Only once, in a discussion of Eudora Welty, do I sense the presence of a contempt which precludes just appreciation.) Mr. Solotaroff has written an exemplary introduction, which provides the relevant facts of Rosenfeld's life and times and suggests the themes of his writings in a discreet and respectful fashion. Saul Bellow, who was Rosenfeld's friend from school days in Chicago, offers a brief and very moving memoir.

The subjects discussed in *An Age of Enormity* cover a wide range of literary accomplishment and intellectual themes. James T. Farrell, Richard Wright, Nancy Hale, Sholom Aleichem, Anais Nin, Kenneth Patchen, Henry Miller, Christopher Isherwood, André Gide, Kenneth Burke, Kafka, Sartre, Gandhi, Orwell, Simone Weil, Hemingway, Faulkner—these and others are analyzed and reported on with an unremitting candor. The initial interest may be in the writer's style, in the complexities of his personality or cultural situation, but in the end it is always his relation to truth which is the principal focus and criterion of judgment. In an essay on Sartre's fiction, Rosenfeld wrote: "Neurosis becomes the equivalent of life. The ordinary syndromes,

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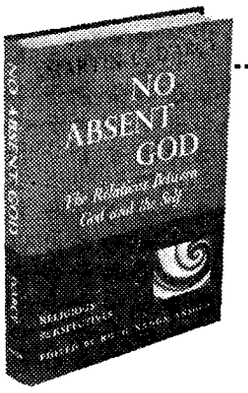

NO ABSENT GOD

The Relations Between God and the Self

By MARTIN C. D'ARCY, S.J.

In this compelling new book the distinguished English theologian bluntly states that if God is dead, man also must die. He argues persuasively that the relationship of man to God is so close—the divine image so deeply imbedded in the mind of man—that when belief in God fades, belief in man also disappears. Hence we have the predicament of modern man who does not know who he is or what his life signifies.

Father D'Arcy's finely reasoned work documents the death of man as expressed in the writings of modern philosophers, playwrights, poets, and novelists. He exposes the masks and myths invented to conceal the corpse. By restoring a deep personal relation to God, he suggests, man can recover his humanity and again find meaning and purpose in life. Man truly lives, he asserts, only in the presence of God.

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which we would otherwise discount to sickness, become on this inflated interpretation synonymous with subjectivity, crisis, anxiety, and other existential categories, and we read as ontology what we should recognize as disease." And he adds: "Neurosis no more entitles one to call himself an underground man than it does to call himself a saint." For Rosenfeld, "politics [the politics of terror, the concentration camps, and totalitarian systems] is the underground of our time," and he was severe with writers who mistook personal predicaments for universal problems.

This intense concern for making clear discriminations between personal neurosis and political commitment, between the needs of the self and the moral yearning for an identification with society, comes to a climax in his essays on Gandhi and Simone Weil. It was not Rosenfeld's purpose to reduce these saintly figures to the dimensions of their neurotic dilemmas, but on the contrary, to underscore precisely what qualities in their personalities and their beliefs transcended their individual situations. The essay on Gandhi is something of a classic of this kind.

In the end, though, one is left a little saddened by this book, not only because of its author's early death but because, again and again, one wonders why his gifts, so clearly demonstrated in piece after piece, were never realized in some ampler and more ambitious work. There is a drama played out in the book which somehow overshadows its particular achievements—the drama of a writer and a man whose "insights," so dazzlingly adumbrated by a powerful mind, were nonetheless powerless to engage his full creative energies in a large and significant task.

REVIEWERS

Richard Horchler is an associate editor of *The Commonweal.*

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